NOTHING FOR A NEVV-yeares gift.

Nihil eſt ex omni parte beatum.

By W. L.

Sit voluiſſe ſat valuiſſe.



BIBLIOTHECA BODL

LONDON

Printed by T. C. for William Lugger, and are to be ſolde at the ſigne of the blinde Knight, ouer againſt S. Andrewes Church in Holborne. 1603.

NOTHING FOR A NEW YEARES GIFT.

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Printed by T. C. for William Lugger, and are to be
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against S. Andrews Church in
Holborne. 1593.

TO THE RIGHT

Worshipfull his dearely respected Patron,

Syr William Hide Knight.

TO you that claime my dutie to my muse,
And gild the temper of my brazen quill,
You that giue strength vnto my weakned Muse,
To clamber vp the height of learned skill.
You that for nothing shewe this generous minde,
(A perfect token of true Noblenes)
You that to bountie haue your soules inclinde,
(Which shewes the world your world of worthines)
Nothing I send you for a Newyeares gift,
The faint endeuours of my sickly spirit,

The Epistle Dedicatorie.

Measure my meaning and my vertuous drift,
My loue, zeale, dutie, and your owne demerit.
You looke for Nothing, Nothing I impart,
With the poore remnant of my broken hart.

Your worthy vertues
euer vowed:

W. L.

Nothing for a New-yeares gift.

OVt from the sadnesse of my greeued spirit,
And from the depth of serious contemplation,
Why blooming *Vertue* should black *Enuy* merit,
My troubled thoughts recall the first creation.
Searching Arts secrets, at the last I found,
Nothing to be of euery thing the ground.

Excesse of studie in a traunce denies
My rauisht soule her Angel-winged flight:
Strugling with *Nothing*, thus my bodie lies
Panting for breath, depriu'd of sences might.
At length recouered by this pleasant slumber,
The straunge effects from *Nothing*, thus I wonder.

That

That power of powers, great, good, pure, bodiles,
Who vncontaind, yet in himselfe confinde:
That liuely word, which no word can expresse,
Who foote-stoole earth, who rides vpon the winde.
Ouer whose throne the *Cherubins* do houer,
With flaming wings his starry face to couer.

He that is good, yet voide of qualitie,
In his owne essence, fully excellent:
He that is great, beyond all quantitie,
All pure in substance, free from accident.
But I grow senceles, when I seeke by sence
To sound his infinite omnipotence.

Then he that farre surmounts all comprehending,
Whose mightines is all inexplicable:
Whose seuerall glories, by his sense attending,
Like to his name, are all vnvttereable:
Though I recompt in dement euery thing he had,
Each thing that be of *Nothing*, yet he made.

The

a New-yeares gift.

The glimpſe of Gods great glorie, our pure ſoule,
Which like a prince within his kingdome ſeated,
The motions of the bodie to controule,
By heauens high hand of *Nothing* was created.
Thus God doth ſtamp, tho paſt our ſence of ſeeing,
His wiſedome in his workes, to proue his beeing.

The world of nothing made, doth ſeeme an Inſtrument
True-ſtrung, well-tun'd, reſounding ſweetly ſhrill,
The praiſes of the great Omnipotent,
Whoſe *Alleluiaes*, all the heauens did fill.
And God yet ſmiling on his paramoure,
Still in her lap, did *Mel* and *Manna* poure.

To nurſe this league, all creatures ſeem'd to ſtriue,
In ſweet accord, the baſe with high reioiſt,
The liueles clipping mutually the liue,
The hot with cold, the ſolide with the moiſt.
But *Adam* being chiefe of all the ſtrings,
All out of tune, ore-retched quickly brings.

Rebellious man, thus from his God revolted,
The troubled Sea, the aire with tempest driuen:
Which were his subiects gainst himselfe insulted,
Thorne-bristled earth, the sad and lowring heauen,
As from the oath of their allegeance free,
Reuenge on him, th'Almighties iniurie.

So since his sinne, the wofull wretch findes none,
Herbe, garden, groaue, field, Fountain, shore, or hauen,
Beast, mountain, valley, Seagate, streame, or stone,
But beares his deaths doombe, openly ingrauen.
In briefe, the whole scope this round Center hath,
Is a true store-house of heauens righteous wrath.

First *Dearth* assaults man, in the forme of *Death*,
With hollow eies, lanke meager cheeks and chinne:
Still yawning wide, with loathsome stinking breath,
With sharpe leane bones piercing the pable skinne.
And brings besides from hell for to assist her,
Rage, *Feeblenes*, and *Thirst*, her ruthlesse sister.

a New-yeares gift.

Next marcheth *Warre*, the miſtres of enormitie,
Lawes, Manners, Arts, ſhe breaks, ſhe marres, ſhe chaſes,
Mother of miſchiefe, monſter of deformitie,
Bloud, reares, bowers, towers, ſhe ſpils, ſwils, burnes and raſes,
Sack, Sacriledge, Rape, Ruine, Diſcord, Pride,
Are ſtil ſterne conſorts, by her barbarous ſide.

Then as a man that fruntes in ſingle fight,
His ſuddain for the beſt aduantage ſpies,
Thruſts, wards, auoids, his ground doth trauers light,
At laſt to daze his Riualls ſparkling eies,
He caſts his cloake, and then with coward knife,
In crimſon ſtreames, he makes him ſtraine his life.

So ſicknes *Adam* to ſubdue the better,
Brings to the field the faithleſſe *Opthalmie*,
(Whom thouſand liues alreadie iuſtly fetter)
With ſcalding blood to blind her enemie:
Hauing for aides, cough, caſting, yawning, ſhaking,
Fantaſtick, rauing, and continuall aking.

And then foure Captaines, farre more fierce and egar
Then any ſickneſs, which the bodie ſeaſes,
On euery ſide, the ſpirit doth beleager,
Alas theſe are farre worſe then death diſeaſes.
Exceſſiue Ioy, Feare, Sorrow, and Deſire,
Striuing with Treaſon often to aſpire.

But God (as thoe forgetting *Adams* fall)
From the maine ocean of his boundles loue,
With ſtreames of mercy ouerfloweth all,
In that exceſſe of kindnes man to proue.
So ſent his Sonne to be our beſt Phiſition,
Which at this day receiued Circumciſion.

His head is launſt to worke the bodies cure,
With angry ſalue it ſmarts to heale our wound,
To faultleſſe Sonne, from all offences pure,
The faultie vaſſalls ſcourges do redound.
The Iudge is caſt the guiltie to acquite,
The Sonne defac'd, to lend the ſtarres his light.

Our

a New-yeares gift.

Our Rock giues issue, to an heauenly spring,
Teares from his eyes, blood runs from wounded place:
Which showers to branch of ioy an harvest bring,
The vine of life, distilleth drops of grace.
This sacred deawe, let Angels gather vp,
Such daintie drops, best fit their Nectan cup.

With weeping eyes, his mother rewd his smart,
If blood from him, teares came from her as fast,
The knife that cut his flesh, did pierce her hart,
The paine that Iesus felt, did *Mary* taste.
His life and hers, hung by one fatall twist,
No blow that hit the Sonne, the mother mist.

Man sprung from Nothing, if thine humble soule
Did inly see her ill misgouernd life:
With *Mary* thou wouldst spend whole yeares in dole,
Only to thinke that Christ endur'd this strife.
Thē eyes, hart, tong, would powre, breath out, & send
Teares, sighes, and plaints, vntill their ioyes they find.

Nothing.

But mans ambitious thoughts (like *Eues* aſpiring)
So wanton-like, are weaned to each wrong:
Giuing ſtil bridle to his ſelfe-deſiring,
All free to fleſhly wil hath liu'd ſo long. (ſlowe,
That thoſe freſh ſprings whēce penitent harts ſhould
Preſumption hath ſo ſtopt that none wil ſhowe.

If *Sorrow* knock, *Remorce* is Mercies porter,
And euer opens to let *Sorrowe* in:
Man to that doore ſhould be a quicke reſorter,
Tis much to ſaue that loſſe which comes by ſin.
He that of *Sorrowe* is true mournfull taſter,
Doth feele ſins ſmart, and finde ſinnes ſaluing plaſter.

Els nothing can recure ſinnes feſtred wound,
The ſoules ſeuen doubled ſhield it wil aſſaile:
Nay *Nothing* for to eaſe it will be found,
And Circumſition *Nothing* wil auaile.
And ſoowe ſhall approue the Heathniſh writ
Of Ariſtotle, *Ex nihilo nihil fit.*

FINIS.

THE Effects proceeding from Nothing.

W. L.

In rebus humanis Nihil est eternum.

TO THE RIGHT

Worshipfull his dearely respected Patron, Sir William Hale, Knight.

MY Virgine Muse, leaues Nothing she can finde,
Which may agree with your Heroick minde.
Pleasing her selfe to lay before your sight,
The gentrie, actions wherein you delight:
From Nothing, yet shew many things were fram'd
Shee tells, who first the fierie Comet nam'd,
How aptly to Bache him he beginnes,
And by what meanes to gentlenes him winnes.
Mistake me not, I do not write to teach you,
For in this Art, he lines not that can teach you.

TO THE READER.

The three proceeding

From Verse

From
(From
Lie langu
Wi
Till
Among the mountaines to their greater greening.

For Summer
The Palme
Eue
The P
W
And

But
With
To
And
Ou
His teeth

nl Spying

This is merely transcribed from Sylvester's Dubartas

Spying therefore, a flocke of muttons comming,
He takes the fainst, and with a fell homes cunning,
He cutters the dainty fat from, and spreds the fell,
Then dries it, pares it, and he scrapes it well:
Then cloathes his wife therewith, and of such hides,
Slops, hats, and doublets, he himselfe prouides.

Yet fire they lack, Adam fire musing downe
Vpon a steepe Rocke craggie forked crowne,
A foaming beast come toward him he spies,
Within whose head flood burning coales for eies:
Then suddenly, with both his armes he throwes
A knobby flint, that burneth as it goes.

Hence flies the beast, th'aimed flint shaft grounding,
Against the Rock, and on it off rebounding
Shiuers to Cinders, whence there issued
Small sparkes of fire, no sooner borne then dead.
This happie chance, made Adam leape for glee,
And quickly calling his child company.

In his left hand a flinting stone he lockes,
Which with another in his right he knockes,
So vp and downe, that from the coldest stone,
At euery stroake small fierie sparkles flone;
Then with the drie leaues of a withered bay,
The which together handsomely they lay,
They tooke the falling fire, which like a Sun
Shines cleare, and smokelesse in the leafe begun.

And now mankinde with fruitfull race began,
A little corner of the world to man:
First *Caine* is borne, to tillage most addicted,
Then *Abel*, most to keeping flockes affected,
Caine tames a Heyfer, and on either side,
On either horne, a three fold twist he tide,
Of Ozear twigges, and fora plough, he got
The horne of sooth of some *Rhinocerot*,

Now th'one in Cattle, th'other rich in graine,
On two steepe mountaines, build they Altars twaine,
Where humble facres, on knee with zealous cries,
Cleaues bright Olimpus starry Canopie.
With faigned lippes the other louder sounded,
Hart wanting himne, an idle deuning sounded.

Rein-searching God, Thought-sounding Iudge that
The will and heart, more then the work or guile, tries,
Accepts good Abels gift, but hates the other
Prophane oblation of his furious brother.
Who feeling deepe in effects of Gods displeasure,
Raues, frets, & fumes, and murmures out of measure.

So one day drawing with dissembled loue,
His harmeles brother into a groues inmost couert,
With both his hands he casts a stone so huge,
That in our age three men could hardly iudge,
And iust vpon his tender brothers crowne,
With all his might he cruel casts it downe.

The

a New-yeares gift.

The murdred face fyes printed in the minde,
And loude for vengeance cries the marth'd blood;
All day *Cain* hides him, wanders all the night,
Flies his owne friends, of his owne shade affright,
Scard with a leafe, and flurting at a Sparrow,
And all the world seemes for his feare too narrow.

Cain as they say by his deepe feare disturbed,
Then first of all the vntaught Deuiser curbed,
That while about on others feete he run,
With dustie speed, he might his deathe mans shun,
Among a hundred braue light fullie horses,
(With curious eye marking their comely forces.)

He chooseth one for his industrious proofe,
with round, high, hollow, smooth, brown, lerry hoofe,
With pasterous short, wright, but yet in meane,
Dry sinewed shankes, strong fleshles knees, and leane,
with ham, like leggest, broad breft, and large behind,
with bodie large, smooth flankes, and double chind.

A crested

A crested necke, bowde like a halfe bent bowe,
Whereon a long thin curled Mane doth growe,
A firme full Tayle, touching the lowly ground,
With Dock betweene two faire fat buttocks drownd.
A pricked Eare that rolles at litle space,
As his light feete, a leane, but bony face.

Thin chaple, and head, but of a middling size,
Full liuely flaming, quickly rowling eies,
Great foaming mouth, hot fuming nostrils wide,
Of cheft, nor haire, his forehead fortified.
Three milke white feete, a feathot on his breft,
Whoph fuch a goodly olde, yet beautie grafie he geeft.

This goodly Iennet, gently firft he winnes,
And then to backe him, actively beginnes,
Steedie, and ſtraight, he fits, turning his ſight
Still to the forepart, of his palphray light.
The chafed horſe, ſuch thrall ill ſuffering,
Begins to ſnuffe, and ſnort, and leape, and fling.

A crefted

And

And flying swift, his fearefull Rider makes
Like some vnskilfull Lad, that on the lakes
To hold some ship he line, whilst the head-long tide
Carries away the vessell and her guide.
Who neere drowned in the iawes of death,
Pale, fearefull, shiuering, faint, and out of breath,
A thousand times with heauen-erected eies,
Repents him of so bold an enterprise.

But sitting fast, lesse hurt then fear'd againe,
Boldens himselfe, and his braue beast againe,
Brings him to pace, from pacing to the trot,
From trot, to gallop, after runnes him hot,
In full carere, and at his courage smiles,
And sitting stil to runne so many miles.

His pace is faire, and free, his trot as light
As Tigers course, or Swallowes nimble flight,
And his braue gallop, seemes as swift to goe
As Irish darts, or shafts from English bowe.
Born whirlewind like, he makes the trampled ground
Shrinke vnder him, and shake with doubling sound.

The roaring Cannon from his sandaking throat,
Neuer so speedie spewes the thundring shot,
That flies as swift as eye can looke vpon,
And batters bulwarkes of th'inuironed Towne:
Then this light horse stil addes, if he do but feele
His bridle slacke, and his side, the heele.

Shunning himselfe, his sinewes strength he stretches,
Flying the earth, the flying aire he catches:
And when the fight no more put fire him may,
In fieldie clouds he vanishes away.
But *Cain* want wit, chooses it not the best,
To take too much now of this lustie beast.

Restrainig fury, then with learned hand,
The triple Corbet makes him vnderstand:
And on his necke his flattering palme doth slide,
With skilful voice, he gently eases his pride.
He stops him sted die still, new breath to take,
And in the same path brings him softly backe.

But th'angry ſteed, riſing and raigning proudly,
Striking the ſtones, ſtamping, and neighing loudly,
Calls for the Combat, leapes, and prauncs,
Beſoames the path, with ſparkling eyes he glances,
Champs on his bit, and ſtoutly ſtands,
His nimble feet, lifteth belly high,
All ſide-long iaunts, on either ſide he baffles,
And waning creſt, coragiouſly he briſſles,
Making the gazers glad on euery ſide,
To giue more ſooth vnto his portly pride,
Cain gently ſtroaks him, and new turns in ſtore,
Ambitiouſly ſtil ſeekes for ſome further fame.

One while (to be more famous) trots the ring,
Another while, he doth him backward bring,
Then of all ſorts, he makes him lightly bound,
And to each ſtroke, to manage nightly round,
To ſtoope, to ſtop, to caper, and to ſwim,
To daunce, to leape, to hold vp any lim.

And all to doate vpon the fine graces of a Lady?
As bitter shall her gaine be, as the wormewood,
Crie for the Gnats,
Th'one shall be
Th'other through pricking by the greene strainers
Grace in his gate,
Lightnes of heele,
Strength in his leape, and stedfast managings,
Aptnesse in all,

To giue mo
And
So
A Citie called
So
In his Hostes
You

To hoope, to hop, to caper, and to whirle,
To daunce, to leape, to hold vp any line.

The

The vse of Horses thus discouered,
Each to his worke more cheerly settled,
Each plies his Trade and craues for his wage,
Following the pathes of painfull Husbandage.
And now the way to thousand workes reueald,
Which long shall liue maugre the rage of Eld.

They build Townes, Cities, Castles, and huge Towers,
Occasion giues me leaue to speake of yours
Of ancient Hadleigh Towne, built on a hill,
For to continue that Memorie we list will,
But after-yeard my Muse must shew her power
In the description of that fatuous Tower.

Here might I shew the pleasures I haue seene
On the Tolwer hill (where ech Easter greene)
There I beheld in what a pitious case
The trembling Stagge was long pursude in chase
Flying for succor vnto some neighbor wood,
Sinkes ouer the sadd sides in the yeelding mud.

And sticking fast amid the mire on ground,
Is ouertaken by the eager
One bites his
One pulls his
One
Another
And last of all, the wood-man with his knife
Cuts off his head, and so concludes his life.

And how I know
Awakes fell Horror,
With
Himself
His place of griefe, but not his painful griuers.

Forth of
Some to
Some one behind
Some
Some
This

Stitcht full of ſtings when on the ground he lies,
Leaſt any more the cruel beaſt ſhould riſe,
I might behold a company of ſlaues
Thraſhing the dead Bull with their grained ſtaues:
Thinking they were (for this act) champions ſtout,
They laie their heads togither make a ſhout.

My forward tongue did giue my ſoule in charge,
When firſt your troupes to *Boland* made reſort,
That ſpatious Forreſt to deſcribe at large,
With all our Sommer progreſſe and diſport:
In this I promiſe breake aboue all other,
With my deare friend, & with your neareſt brother.

For now the vertue of my ſprights decaide,
The inſpiration of my Muſe allaide,
My memorie which meetly hath bene good,
Is now (with griefe) much like the fleeting flood.
Whereon no ſooner haue we drawne a line,
But's canceld ſtraight, and *Nothing* left for ſigne.

FINIS.